

BRITISH LEADERS HUNS OF IRELAND, ASSERTS DILLON

Nationalist Appeals to America
to Ignore Propaganda Seeking
to Blacken Name
of Erin.

Dublin, May 22.—An appeal to all those of Irish blood in the United States to support the nationalist party as "the one party in Ireland which is fighting for Irish liberty without betraying the cause of liberty in other lands," was made today by John Dillon, the nationalist leader, in an interview with the Associated Press correspondent.

Mr. Dillon, in this interview, denounced the policy of the Sinn Fein, while arraigning the methods which the British government has pursued in dealing with the Irish question.

After calling attention to the importance of the American public being fully informed of the Irish situation at the present time, Mr. Dillon said:

"The Irish party, at a special meeting held on Thursday of last week, issued a statement from which the following is an extract:

Would Blacken Ireland.
"All the machinery of propaganda controlled by the British government has been set in motion to blacken the name of Ireland in America and to prejudice the American people and the American government against the Irish nation, to appeal most earnestly to the people of America and the government not to be deceived by these propagandist representations, but to listen to the statement of Ireland's case coming from Irishmen in sympathy with the national aspiration of the people of Ireland and qualified to speak on behalf of the Irish nation."

"At the time the above statement was issued, none of us had the slightest information of the intended coup of the government, but justification for our warning came with dramatic rapidity.

No Formal Charge.
"It is difficult to understand why the government took action at this particular moment and why, in Lord French's proclamation, the alleged German plot should be mixed up with conscription, unless on the assumption that the main purpose in mind of the government just now is to poison American opinion against the Irish nation."

"The charge made in Lord French's proclamation against the Sinn Fein prisoners is an extremely serious one, and the method adopted by the government is, so far as I know, unprecedented in British history. They have arrested and deported these men to England without any definite charge as to whether it is intended to bring them to trial. Meanwhile Ireland waits for proof of the alleged pro-German plot."

"For the last three years the British government and Sir Edward Carson have done the work of Germany in Ireland more effectively than any other agencies that I know of. Three years ago Ireland was in the war with as much enthusiasm as any of the allied nations and had sent to the front a full proportion of its people as compared with Great Britain or the dominions of the crown, and Irish soldiers had been in the van of the battle and the post of danger on every one of the allies' fronts."

"All that has been changed by what Lloyd George was himself obliged to describe when minister of war as 'stupidity amounting to malignity' on the part of the war office and the government."

**Omaha Army Officers Are
Assigned to Other Camps**

Washington Bureau of The
Washington, May 22.—(Special Telegram.)—First Lieutenant Louis G. Prendergast, dental reserve corps, is assigned to duty and will proceed to Des Moines.

Captain Roy Crook, medical reserve corps, now on duty at the United States balloon school, Fort Omaha, will proceed to Chicago for a course of instruction.

The appointment of Quartermaster Sergeant Carl W. Smith as second lieutenant of the quartermaster corps, national army, is announced. He will proceed without delay to Camp Dodge, Ia.

First Lieutenant Edward C. Matthews, medical reserve corps, is assigned to Des Moines.

**Scores Seek Uncle Sam's
Aid to Promote Enterprises**

Washington, May 21.—Directors of the war finance corporation, meeting today for the first time, began the immense task of considering applications for financial aid to activities essential to the conduct of the war.

Apparently under the belief that the war finance corporation is a source of easy money for all kinds of development projects, scores of persons have applied for advances to aid them in promoting new enterprises which they claim will contribute to the war's success.

Applications have been made by public utilities which are hit hard by rising costs of materials and supplies and the difficulty of increasing service rates proportionately.



Harry Lauder in the War Zone

A Minstrel in France Tells His Personal
Experiences on the Western Fighting Front

CHAPTER V.—RECRUITING.

As I went about the country now, working hard to recruit men, to induce people to subscribe to the war loan, doing all the things in which I saw a chance to make myself useful, there was now an ever present thought. When would John go out? He must go soon. I knew that, so did his mother. We had learned that he would not be sent without a chance to bid us goodbye. There were better off than many a father and mother in the early days of the war. Many's the mother who learned first that her lad had gone to France when they told her he was dead. And many's the lassie who learned never to come home to be her husband.

But by now Britain was settled down to war. It was as if war were the natural state of things, and everything was adjusted to war and those who must fight it. And many things were ordered better and more mercifully than they had been at first.

It was in April that word came to us. We might see John again, his mother and I, if we hurried to Bedford. And so we did. For once I headed no other call. It was a sad journey, but I was proud and glad as well as sorry. John must do his share. There was no reason why my son should take fewer risks than another man's. That was something all Britain was learning in those days. We were one people. We must fight as one; one for all—all for one.

John was sober when he met us. Sober as I, but what a light there was in his eyes. He was eager to be at the Huns. Tales of their doings were coming back to us now, faster and faster. They were tales to shock me. But they were tales, too, to whet the courage and sharpen the steel of every man who could fight and meant to go.

It was John's turn to go. So it was he felt. And so it was his mother and I bid him farewell, there at Bedford. We did not know whether we would ever see him again, the bonnie laddie! We had to bid him goodbye, lest it be our last chance. For in Britain we knew by then what were the chances they took, those boys of ours who went out.

"Goodby, son—good luck!"
"Goodby, dad. See you when I get leave."

That was all. We were not allowed to know more than that he was ordered to France. Whereabouts in the long trench line he would be sent we were not told. "Somewhere in France." That phrase, that had been dinned so often into our ears, had a meaning for us now.

And now, indeed, our days and nights were anxious ones. The war was in our house as it had never been before. I could think of nothing but my boy. And yet, all the time I had to go on. I had to carry on, as John was always bidding his men do. I had to appear daily before my audiences, and laugh and sing, that I might make them laugh, and so be better able to do their part.

They had made me understand, my friends, by that time that it was really right for me to carry on with my own work. I had not thought so at first. I had felt that it was wrong for me to be singing at such a time. But they showed me that I was influencing thousands to do their duty, in one way or another, and that I was helping to keep up the spirit of Britain, too.

"Never forget the part that plays, Harry," my friends told me. "That's the thing the Hun can't understand. He thought the British would be poor fighters because they went into action with a laugh. But that's the thing that makes them invincible. You've your part to do in keeping up that spirit."

So I went on, but it was with a heavy heart, oftentimes. John's letters were not what made my heart heavy. There was good cheer in every one of them. He told us as much as the censor's rules would let him of the front, and of conditions as he found them. They were still bad—cruelly bad. But there was no word of complaint from John.

The Germans still had the best of us in guns in those days, although we were beginning to catch up with them. And they knew more about making themselves comfortable in the trenches than did our boys. No wonder! They spent years of planning and making ready for this war. And it has not taken us so long, all things considered, to catch up with them.

John's letters were cheery and they came regularly, too, for a time. But I suppose it was because they left out so much, because there was so great a part of my boy's life that was hidden from me that I found myself thinking more and more of John as a wee bairn and as a lad growing up. He was a real boy. He had the real boy's spirit of fun and mischief. There was a story I had often told of him that came to my mind now.

We were living in Glasgow. One drizzly day Mrs. Lauder kept John in the house, and he spent the time standing at the parlor window looking down on the street, apparently innocently interested in the passing traffic.

In Glasgow it is the custom for the coal dealers to go along the streets with their lorries, crying their wares, much after the manner of a vegetable peddler in America. If a housewife wants any coal she goes to the

window when she hears the hail of the coal man and holds up a finger, or two fingers, according to the number of sacks of coal she wants.

To Mrs. Lauder's surprise, and finally to her great vexation, coal men came tramping up our stairs every few minutes all afternoon, each one staggering under the weight of a hundredweight sack of coal. She had ordered no coal and she wanted no coal, but still the coal men came—a veritable pest of them.

They kept coming, too, until she discovered that little John was the author of their grimy pilgrimages to our door. He was signalling every passing lorry from the window in the Glasgow coal code!

I watched him from that window another day when he was quarrelling with a number of playmates in the street below. The quarrel finally ended in a fight. John was giving one lad a pretty good pegging, when the others decided that the battle was too much his way, and jumped on him.

John promptly executed a strategic retreat. He retreated with considerable speed, too. I saw him running; I heard the patter of his feet on our stairs and a banging at our door. I opened it and admitted a flushed, disheveled little warrior, and I heard the other boys shouting up the stairs what they would do to him.

By the time I got the door closed and got back to our little parlor John was standing at the window, giving a marvelous pantomime for the benefit of his enemies in the street. He was putting his small, clenched fist now to his nose, now to his jaw, to

indicate to the youngsters what he was going to do to them later on.

Those, and a hundred other little incidents, were as fresh in my memory as if they had only occurred yesterday. His mother and I recalled them over and over again. From the day John was born it seems to me the only things that really interested me were the things in which he was concerned. I used to tuck him in his crib at night. The affairs of his babyhood were far more important to me than my own personal affairs.

I watched him grow and develop with enormous pride, and he took great pride in me. That to me was far sweeter than praise from crowned heads. Soon he was my constant companion. More—he was my most intimate friend.

There were no secrets between us. I think that John and I talked of things that few fathers and sons have the courage to discuss. He never feared to ask my advice on any subject and I never feared to give it to him.

I wish you could have known my son as he was to me. I wish all fathers could know their sons as I knew John. He was the most brilliant conversationalist I have ever known. He was my ideal musician.

He took up music only as an accomplishment, however. He did not want to be a performer, although he had amazing natural talent in that direction. Music was born in him. He could transcribe a melody in any key. You could whistle an air for him and he could turn it into a little opera at once.

However, he was anxious to make

for himself in some other line of endeavor, and while he was often my piano accompanist, he never had any intention of going on the stage.

When he was 15 years old I was commanded to appear before King Edward, who was a guest at Rufford Abbey, the seat of Lord and Lady Sayville, situated in a district called the Dukeries, and I took John as my accompanist.

I gave my usual performance, and while I was making my changes John played the piano. At the close King Edward sent for me and thanked me. It was a proud moment for me, but a prouder moment came when the king spoke of John's playing and thanked him for his part in the entertainment.

There were curious contradictions, it often seemed to me, in John. His uncle, Tom Vallance, was in his day one of the very greatest foot ball players in Scotland. But John never greatly liked the game. He thought it was too rough. He thought any game was a poor game in which players were likely to be hurt. And yet he had been eager for the rough game of war! The roughest game of all.

Ah, but that was not a game to him! He was not one of those who went to war with a light heart, as they might have entered upon a foot ball match. All honor to those who went into the war so—they played a great part and a noble part! But there were more who went to war as my boy did—taking it upon themselves as a duty and a solemn obligation.

They had no illusions. They did not love war. Not John loved war, and the black, ugly horrors of it. But there were things he hated more than he hated war. And one was a peace won through submission to injustice.

Have I told you how my boy looked? He was slender, but he was strong and wiry. He was about five feet five inches tall; he topped his dad by a handspan. And he was the neatest boy you might ever have hoped to see. Aye—but he did not inherit that from me! Indeed, he used to reproach me, oftentimes, for being careless about my clothes. My collar would be loose, perhaps, or my waistcoat would not fit just so. He'd not like that, and he would tell me so!

When he did that I would tell him oftentimes when he was a wee boy and would come in from play with a dirty face; how his mother would order him to wash and how he would painstakingly mop off just enough of his features to leave a dark ring about his cheeks and above his eyes and below his chin.

"You wash your face, but never let on to your neck," I would tell him, when he was a wee laddie.

He had a habit then of parting and brushing about an inch of his hair, leaving the rest all topsy-turvy. My recollection of that boyhood habit served me as a defense in later years, when he would call my attention to my own disordered hair.

I linger long, and I linger lovingly over these small details, because they are part of my daily thoughts. Every day some little incident comes up to remind me of my boy. A battered old hamper, in which I carry my different character makeups, stands in my dressing room. It was John's favorite seat. Every time I look at it I have a vision of a tiny wide-eyed boy perched on the lid, watching me make ready for the stage. A lump rises, unbidden, in my throat.

In all his life I never had to admonish my son once. Not once. He was the most considerate lad I have ever known. He was always thinking of others. He was always doing for others.

It was with such thoughts as these that John's mother and I filled in the time between his letters. They came as if by a schedule. We knew what post should bring one. And once or twice a letter was a post late and our hearts were in our throats with fear. And then came a day when there should have been a letter, and none came. The whole day passed. I tried to comfort John's mother! I tried to believe myself that it was no more than a mischance of the post. But it was not that.

We could do nothing but wait. Ah, but the folks at home in Britain know all too well those sinister breaks in the chains of letters from the front! Such a break may mean nothing or anything.

For us news came quickly. But it was not a letter from John that came

SEVEN-YEAR FIRE BREAKS BOUNDS, THREATENS MINE

Springfield, Ill., May 22.—Fire which continued today in the Peg-body mine at Nokomis, one of the largest coal mines in this section of the country, may necessitate the sealing of the shaft within the next 48 hours unless some means is devised to stop the blaze. Water which is being poured into the mine thus far seems to have little effect.

That the fire has been burning slowly in the mine for the last seven years was disclosed today. Behind heavy walls of concrete erected with the idea of confining the blaze and smothering it, the fire has been smoldering until last week, when the flames burst through. The weekly output of the mine has been 2,000 tons.

Fairbanks Sinking; Doctors Anxious Over His Condition

Indianapolis, Ind., May 22.—While Charles W. Fairbanks, former vice president, who is ill at his home here, spent a more restful night last night than previously, he gradually is growing weaker and his condition is causing his physicians anxiety. Dr. J. A. MacDonald, the physician-in-chief, announced today.

Secretary Lane Dedicates Monument in Grand Canyon

Grand Canyon, Ariz., May 21.—Franklin K. Lane, secretary of the interior, dedicated today on Maricopa Point a monument to the memory of Major John Wesley Powell, first director of the geological survey and the explorer who in 1869 conducted the first expedition through the gorge.

to us. It was a telegram from the war office and it told us no more than that our boy was wounded and in hospital.

(Continued Tomorrow)

Give to the RED CROSS and Give Generously. **BURGESS-NASH COMPANY.** "EVERYBODY'S STORE"

Wednesday, May 22, 1918. STORE NEWS FOR THURSDAY Phone Douglas 137

Extraordinary Clearaway Thursday of SHOES

For Every Member of the Family in the
DOWNSTAIRS STORE
At About
1/4 to 1/2 the Original Selling Price

IT'S OUR big clean-up movement which comes during the latter part of May each year—when we radically reduce the price on every pair of Shoes, Pumps and Slippers for Men, Women, Boys, Girls and Infants in our Downstairs Store. A price so low that it is certain to bring about a quick and decided disposal. Every pair in our great stock has been reduced, affording by long odds the best shoe-buying opportunity of the entire season.

<p>Men's Shoes Reduced to \$2.95</p> <p>Several hundred pairs of men's shoes for work or dress wear, at about half their regular prices.</p>	<p>Men's Shoes Reduced to \$3.65</p> <p>Shoes of the better grades for work or dress wear. Large variety of styles, all sizes represented, at \$3.65.</p>	<p>Women's and Children's Shoes Reduced to 89c</p> <p>Limited quantity of low or high shoes, odd pairs and slightly shop-worn styles.</p>	<p>Women's Pumps Reduced to \$3.95</p> <p>Some with one or two-tye straps, patent and dull calf, Louis and Cuban heels.</p>	<p>Women's Pumps Reduced to \$4.45</p> <p>Low heel, turn soles, baby Louis covered heels, patent or dull kid. Sale price, \$4.45 a pair.</p>	<p>Women's Shoes Reduced to \$2.95</p> <p>High cut, colored kid, cloth tops, short lines and sample pairs. Less than 1/2 regular price.</p>
<p>Women's Shoes Reduced to \$2.89</p> <p>White canvas lace boots for women and big girls. Louis and low heels, all sizes, reduced to \$2.89.</p>	<p>Women's Slippers Reduced to \$2.45</p> <p>Women's two-strap, turn sole, kid house slippers, all sizes; reduced to clear away, at \$2.45 pair.</p>	<p>Boys' Shoes Reduced to \$2.45</p> <p>In tan elk and black calf skin. Solid leather soles, button and lace styles, at \$2.45 and \$2.95 a pair.</p>	<p>Barefoot Sandals Reduced to \$1.39</p> <p>Barefoot sandals in tan calf, sizes 5 to 11. Very special at \$1.39.</p>	<p>White Pumps Reduced to 95c</p> <p>White canvas pumps with strap and rubber soles. Children's sizes, 95c. Misses' sizes, \$1.15. Women's sizes, \$1.25.</p>	<p>Mary Jane Pumps For Infants, Children, Misses and Big Girls</p> <p>Patent and gun metal Infants' sizes, \$1.19. Children's sizes 5 to 8, \$1.65 and \$1.95. Children's sizes 8 1/2 to 11, at \$2.45. Misses' sizes 11 1/2 to 2, at \$2.65. Girls' sizes 2 to 7, at \$2.95.</p>

Extra Special
BURGESS-NASH COMPANY.
"EVERYBODY'S STORE"
CUBAN PINEAPPLE, 18c

THURSDAY, on the Fourth Floor, we offer a limited quantity of extra fancy Cuban Pineapples, very large, 24 size, at 18c each.

No phone orders accepted, none delivered, none to dealers.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Fourth Floor

Extra Selling Space --- Extra Salespeople

Burgess-Nash Co.—Down Stairs Store